November

We dined yesterday at Wilkes's with some of the same party, among whom were Barthelemy and Count Rewitsky, Imperial envoy, and a famous collector of rare books, which he has sold to Lord Spencer and some others. At the dessert somebody happened to mention Lord Sandwich, when Rewitsky started up, saying, " Is it the famous Lord Sandwich who had his friend condemned by the House of Lords to be hanged for writing an abominable book ? "

Wilkes stared, and hung his jaw and tongue, as was usual with him in any dilemma, but said nothing. Barthelemy, who knew nothing of the matter, pressed Rewitsky to give an account of it. " It was a horrible work," said he, " as I am told, for I never read it; it certainly deserved that its author should be punished, for he must have been void of all religion, shame and decency; I am surprised Lord Sandwich let him live so long." Soon after, without anything more being said on the subject, the conversation changed; and perhaps Rewitsky will never know that it was his *Am-*

phytnon du jour whom he had been thus reprobating to his face.

i Wilkes's book.